

No. 4885	號五十八百八千四第	日六十月六年酉癸治同	HONGKONG, THURSDAY, 10th JULY, 1873.	四拜禮	號十月七癸	港香	PRICE 32s PER MONTH.
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<p>14 2 GLENDARROCH, Brit. str. 954. J. F.</p>	<p>HONGKONG &amp; SHANGHAI BANKING</p>	<p>TO LET</p>	<p>PUBLIC AUCTION.</p>	<p>PUBLIC AUCTION.</p>	<p>THOMPSON &amp; HIND</p>	<p>THE Steamer</p>	<p>FOR AMOY.</p>
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**INSTRUCTIONS**  
**FOR A NOV**

"EMUY"  
 Leave for the above port TO-DAY, the 10th  
 inst, at 6 p.m.  
 For Freight or Passage, apply to  
 29 Hongkong, 10th July, 1873.  
 DOUGLAS LAFFRAIK & Co.  
 SWATOW, AMOY, AND FOOSHOW.  
 E Steamship  
 "KWANG-TUNG."  
 This steamer will be despatched for the  
 above port TO-DAY, the 10th inst, at 3 p.m.  
 For Freight or Passage, apply to  
 DOUGLAS LAFFRAIK & Co.  
 29 Hongkong, 10th July, 1873.  
 OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.  
 FOR SHANGHAI.  
 Carrying Cargo and Passengers at through rates for  
 SHANGHAI, KANKOW, NINGPO, and FORTS in  
 the Company's Steamship  
 "MENELAUS"  
 will be despatched on about the 16th instant.  
 For Freight or Passage, apply to.

and LUSTERS.

NOTICE.

COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES  
MARITIMES.  
PAQUEBOT POSTE FRANÇAIS.

—

THE Company's Steamship

"MENZALEH,"

tain Mourrut will be dispatched for

QUEEN'S ROAD CE

122 Hongkong, 10th July, 1873.

—  
 of Clause No. 12

THE Company's Steamship  
"HOOGLY,"  
Captain Rapatel, will be despatched for  
SINGAPORE  
leave for the above place shortly after the  
arrival of the next English Mail.  
C. BERTRAND,  
*Principal Agent.*  
123 Hongkong, 10th July, 1873.

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NOTICE.

P. & O. S. N. CO.

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STEAM TO SOUTHAMPTON via CANAL.

Ordinary Half-yearly  
shareholders in the Company

will proceed to Southampton via the  
Malta.  
Superintendent.  
 of 1125 Hongkong, 10th July, 1873.  
 O claims against the Belgian Steamer Ne-  
 bulus will be acknowledged and satisfied  
 from noon TO-MORROW, the 11th inst.  
VAN DER HEYDEN. *Master.*  
 of 1125 Hongkong, 10th July, 1873.  
NOTICE.  
 THE undersigned has chartered the British  
 Barque BEVINGHOLM, of 100 tons  
 register, Captain T. P. HARRIS. Goods have been  
 shipped in her containing SILK, TEA, MAT-  
 TRESS, MANILA, ROPE, CLOMPHORE

CLOSED from the  
July next, both days in

NEW LAM Ship at that port. The undersigned  
has to request the public to give patronage  
at that port.

WONG YUEN LOY.  
7A 1126 Hongkong, 10th July, 1873.

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## Notices to Consignees.

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### NOTICE.

TO THE CONSIGNEES OF OPTIONAL CARGO,  
EX O. S. S. O. S. S. S. DEVALIGAN,  
FROM LIVERPOOL.

The undersigned Order may be obtained from  
the undersigned not later than the 12th  
Inst. only, for shipment per **MENELAUS**,  
**BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,**  
Agents.

44-1119 - Hongkong, 8th July, 1873.

THE BRITISH STEAMER **HINDOSTAN**  
FROM CALCUTTA TO HONGKONG AND  
SINGAPORE.

CONSIGNEES of Cargo by the above steamer  
are hereby requested to send in their Bills  
of Lading to the undersigned for counter-  
signing and to take immediate delivery of their  
cargoes.

Cargo impeding the discharge of the steamer  
will be at once landed and stored at their risk  
and expense.

DAVID SASSOON, SONS & Co.  
64 1093, Hongkong, 5th July, 1873.

MAN EXTENSION, THE

Declarations are hereby notified that the Cargo is being discharged into Oratt, whanded by the Godowna of the undersigned, in both cases, the risk of the Consignee's risk. The cargo will be ready for delivery from Oratt or Godowna on and after the 4th July, 1873.

Goods undelivered after 10th July, 1873, will be subject to the order of the undersigned.

**BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,**  
Agents.

73 1004 Hongkong, 4th July, 1873.

**CONSIGNEES OF GOODS FROM LONDON, PENANG, AND SINGAPORE.**

Declarations are hereby notified that the Cargo is being discharged, landed, and stored at the Godowna of the undersigned, in both cases, the risk is the godowna of the Hongkong & Shanghai Company, which delivery may be obtained.

ic Gardens propose to  
UAL HORTICULT

applied for by the consignees before 5 A.M.  
 ON MONDAY MORNING, the 2nd Inst.  
 Consignees are requested to send in their  
 Bills of Lading to  
 SIEMSEN & Co.  
 1074 Hongkong, 1st July, 1873.  
 S. S. SINDIE.  
 COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES  
 MARITIMES.  
 NOTICE.  
 CONSIGNEES OF CARGO, per S. S. Comoric,  
 from London, in connection with the  
 above steamer, are hereby informed that their  
 Goods are being landed and stored at their  
 Agents in the Godowns of the Hongkong Pier and  
 Godown Company, whence delivery may be obtained  
 from WEDNESDAY, at noon.  
 OPTIONAL CARGO will be forwarded to its  
 destination, unless intimation is received from  
 the Consignees before 4 P.M. THIS AFTER-  
 NOON, requesting it to be landed here.  
 Bills of Lading will be countersigned by the  
 undersigned.  
 Cargo remaining unclaimed after SATUR-  
 DAY, the 21st inst., at noon, will be subject to  
 export and landing charges.  
 C. BERTHAUD,  
 Principal Agent,  
 960 Hongkong, 16th June, 1873.











## Extracts.

"If,"  
 If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe  
 And aurt looking on my knees,  
 I knew the little feet had pattered through  
 The pearl-gate gates that led to Heaven  
 And me,  
 I could be reconciled, and happy too,  
 And look with glad eyes toward the Jasper  
 Sea.  
 If, in the morning, when the song of birds  
 Reminds me of a music far more sweet,  
 I listen to his pretty, broken words,  
 And for the music of his dulcified feet,  
 I could be reconciled, though I heard  
 No answer, seeing but his vacant seat.  
 I could be glad if, when the day is done,  
 And all its cares and heart-ache laid away,  
 I could look westward to the hidden sun,  
 And with a heart full of sweet yearnings  
 say:  
 "To-night I'm nearer to my little one  
 By just the travel of one earthly day."  
 If I could know those little feet were shod  
 With sandals wrought of light in better  
 lands,  
 And that the footprints of a tender God  
 Ran side by side with his in the golden  
 and me,  
 I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,  
 Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.  
 If he were dead, I would not sit to-day  
 And stain with tears the wee sock on my  
 knee;  
 I would not kiss the shoe and say,  
 "Bring back again my boy to me."  
 I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,  
 But Oh! to know the feet once pure and  
 white,  
 The hands of vice have lately ventured in!  
 The hands that should have battled for the  
 right,  
 Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of  
 sin,  
 And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-  
 night,  
 To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

## A TRYING EXPERIMENT.

(Continued.)  
 My dog was looking very grumpy about  
 the back. I thought, he was going to have  
 the mange—not that I knew much about it,  
 only it was a sort of word that sounded  
 like the look of that dog's back. So I went  
 to a friend who knew a deal about dogs  
 (which I don't), and said mine was going to  
 have the mange—what was good for it?  
 Sulphur, he said, was the best thing to use.  
 I said, "But I don't know whether the  
 sulphur should be taken  
 pills, or put on like an ointment; all I knew  
 was that he said 'sulphur,' and I did not  
 choose to expose my ignorance by asking.  
 I concluded I would try the effects of a wash  
 first. I went into a grocery, and asked for  
 three pennorth of soft soap, saying in an  
 off-hand way, "Kills fleas, doesn't it?" I had  
 never seen soft soap before—I never want  
 to see it again, but that was so I was in-  
 terested in its appearance when I got a lump  
 about the size of my two fists, of a sticky,  
 mushy, clammy-looking mass, resembling a  
 mixture of sand and half-frozen honey. The  
 man wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and I  
 shuddered at the feel of it, as I put it into  
 my coat-pocket. "Thanks, good morning,"  
 "Mornin', sir, thank you." Some men always  
 say "Thank you." And, self-satisfied, I  
 went my way the whole hour—crossed be-  
 tween a general mongrel and a pine log—  
 following the unconscious of his fate. It was  
 in the back yard that the deed was done.  
 With a generosity worthy of a better cause,  
 I had brought down from my bedroom my  
 own bath—one of those round, shallow,  
 milk-pail affairs—and had filled it about two  
 inches deep with lukewarm water. Then  
 came the scratch. I used this word meta-  
 phorically, but it became literal before the  
 operation was over—the point that is in  
 my bath can testify. I know no more  
 about the application of soft soap than of  
 sulphur, but I thought that I could guess  
 how to use the former, which I imagined to  
 be harmless; while with the sulphur I might  
 have done it wrong, and been had up for  
 culpable homicide. O Experience! Cock  
 laid the plumed, sucking cover of her ter-  
 rifying box round me, to get off the sulphur,  
 and provided a square of old carpet, folded  
 up small, so as to be soft, for me to kneel on.  
 I lifted the dog into the bath, and held him  
 by the scruff, while he madly plunged, kicked,  
 and struggled in his anxiety to get out,  
 plunging up the bright paint at the bottom  
 in long beautiful furrows—four of them,  
 parallel, at a stroke. To do the dog justice,  
 however, he did not waste the paint. At the  
 end of each nail was a small, little coil  
 all ready to be struck down in the furrow  
 again by anyone who knew how. I did not  
 know how. With my might hand I applied  
 the soft soap. It never struck me that it  
 might act like ordinary soap does when  
 rubbed into hair, but it did, only more so.  
 If I had struck me I might have been con-  
 tent with using a lump—say about the size  
 of a piece of mud, but, being in ignorance,  
 I calmly and solemnly rubbed the soap  
 dog until all my three pennorth was gone,  
 and the faithful beast looked like a soiled  
 brown-tabby cat with its complexion a little  
 faded. Then the wash really began. Taking  
 some water in my hand, I set to work up  
 the soap, commencing on the back. At first  
 there was no effect, and my hand slipped  
 about like an eel spiralling on a greasy pole,  
 afterwards, presently a tinge of white ap-  
 peared, and gradually spread and spread.  
 This was later. I think I'll alter the type  
 of that sentence, and say, "This was later."  
 It was! It rose, and rose, and rose; it  
 spread; it widened out; it hung down, and  
 stuck out in front and behind far beyond the  
 last hairy extremities of dog. Still I per-  
 sisted, and still the lather increased, till  
 the four legs were one solid pedestal of white  
 and all semblance of animal shape was lost  
 in soap. Then I began to wash the soap off,  
 but the more I washed it off the more it  
 didn't. It only increased and thickened,  
 and I began to feel discouraged. I knew the  
 dog was there somewhere—because I  
 hadn't seen him go away; but the only sight  
 I had had to remind me of him was one great  
 bubbling, frothing, hissing, seething, efferves-  
 cent mass of lather, which grew and grew,  
 and rounded off at the corners, till it looked  
 like a huge, steaming, animated snowball.  
 I grew more discouraged. I saw something  
 must be done, or something else might  
 happen to the dog. Presently a thought  
 struck me, and I hit it back. I lifted that  
 mass up, and carried it to the scullery.  
 There was a tap, and also a pump, over the  
 sink. Holding the dumpy thing with the part  
 where the head would be under the tap, I  
 turned on the water, and got cool to pump  
 on the tail part. The stone of the sink was  
 soon hidden from sight in a snowy covering.  
 Presently two spots of dog appeared, deep  
 down in two chasms of lather. Then I grew  
 hopeful, and shifted the entirety a bit, so  
 that more transformation might ensue. At  
 last I was able to welcome a considerable  
 portion of my old friend, when I began to  
 rub what I could see of him, and, lo, more  
 white arose! This was not, and I finally  
 treated the dog like somebody else's riddle,  
 and gave him up. Discarding the box-cover,  
 I sallied forth with him into the wood, and  
 as I proceeded towards the pond by the brick  
 kills, he left behind him along the heather a  
 bright, gleaming, gleaming track, as if some  
 gigantic snail had passed that way. But the  
 pond was reached, and two majestically im-  
 mense (I say it with conscious pride) settled  
 him. He came out clean, wet, and happy.  
 Happy? Well, that is speaking compara-  
 tively. Now that I come to look back, I find  
 that I haven't exactly shown how to clean  
 dogs after all; but I have shown one way  
 how not to clean them, and that's a step in  
 the right direction. My dog has got a cold  
 now.

## LAND AND SEA.

In Nature, Alfred R. Wallace has an  
 article on "Modern Applications of the  
 Doctrine of Natural Selection." In the  
 course of the article, the ocean and the  
 land. The great depths of the ocean  
 extend over wide areas, whereas the great  
 heights of the land are only narrow ridges  
 and peaks; hence it has been calculated that  
 the mean height of the land is only 1,000  
 feet, while the mean depth of the sea is about  
 15,000 feet. But the sea is two and a half  
 times as extensive as the land, so that the  
 bulk or mass of the land is only about one-  
 sixteenth of the mass of the sea. Now, does not this small  
 proportion of bulk of land to water render it  
 highly probable that the forces of elevation  
 and depression should sometimes cause the  
 total or almost total submergence of the land?  
 Of such an epoch no geological record could  
 be left, because there could be no strata  
 formed, except from the debris of coral in-  
 lands and such a period of destruction of the  
 greater part of the terrestrial life may have re-  
 peatedly occurred between the period when  
 the several primary or secondary formations  
 were deposited. At all events, with such a  
 proportion of land and sea surface as now  
 exists, with such a small bulk of land above  
 the enormous bulk of water, and with no  
 known cause why dry land rather than the  
 sea-bottom should be constantly elevated, we  
 must admit it to be almost certain that great  
 fluctuations of the area of the land must  
 occur, and that, while these fluctuations  
 could not very considerably increase the area  
 of the land, they might immensely diminish  
 it. There is here, therefore, a cause for  
 the possible depopulation of earth likely  
 to occur much sooner than any geological  
 catastrophe.

## PICKING OUT A WIFE.

Find a girl that is nineteen years old last  
 May, about the right height, with a blue eye  
 and dark brown hair and white teeth.  
 Let the girl be good to look at, not in  
 phond of music, a firm disbeliever in ghosts  
 and of six children in the same family.  
 Look well to the character of her father;  
 see that he is not the member of any  
 club, does not bet on elections, and give shaves  
 three times a week.  
 Find out all about her mother, see if she  
 has got a heap of good common sense, staidly  
 her likes and dislikes, eat sun or her  
 hum-mad-bread-and-apple-dumplings, notice  
 whether she abuses all her neighbors, ask her  
 servants how long they have lived there, and  
 don't fail to observe whether her dresses  
 are last year's ones fit over.  
 If you are satisfied that the mother would  
 make the girl a kind of a mother-in-law, you  
 can safely conclude that the daughter would  
 make the right kind of a wife.  
 After these preliminaries are all settled,  
 and you have done a reasonable amount of  
 speaking, ask the young lady for heart and  
 hand; and if she refuses, you can consider  
 yourself excluded.  
 If, on the contrary, she should say yes,  
 give her a ring, and then, if you are not  
 a fool, and proceed to take the chances.  
 I may take the chances, for there ain't no  
 respect for a perfect wife, only more than  
 there is for a perfect husband.  
 There is just as many good wives as  
 there is good husbands; and I never knew  
 two people married or single, who were  
 determined not to make themselves agreeable  
 to each other, but what they succeeded.  
 Name your own price for your good girl, and  
 name your own offer; but if your first  
 bid is a girl, I ask it as a favor to me, that  
 you kaul it back.  
 I do want some of them good old-fashioned  
 twigs that you used to have.

## THE SMALL DESPOT OF THE FAMILY.

Welcome to the parents the puny strug-  
 gles! strong his weakness, his little arms  
 are more powerful than the soldier's, his  
 touch with persuasion which Chatham and  
 Pericles in manhood had not. His unex-  
 pected lamentations when he lifts up his voice  
 on high, or more beautiful, the sobbing child,  
 the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow  
 his vexation—scarcely all hearts to pity, and  
 to mirthful and clamorous compassion.  
 The small despot asks no little that all reason  
 and all nature are on his side. His quar-  
 rels are more about things than about people,  
 and his little sins more bawling than any  
 virtue. His flash is angelic, flesh, all alive.  
 All day, between his three or four sleeps, he  
 coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spars,  
 and puts on his face of importance; and  
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